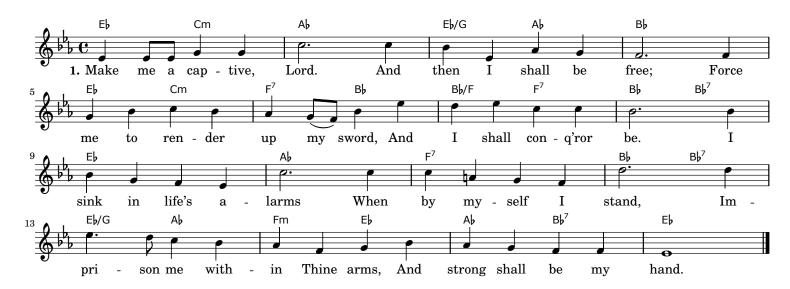
Make me a captive, Lord

Longings — For Freedom

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- 2. My heart is weak and poor
 Until it master find:
 It has no spring of action sure,
 It varies with the wind;
 It cannot freely move
 Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
 Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
 And deathless it shall reign.
- 3. My power is faint and low
 Till I have learned to serve:
 It wants the needed fire to glow,
 It wants the breeze to nerve;
 It cannot drive the world
 Until itself be driven;
 Its flag can only be unfurled
 When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4. My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach the monarch's throne
It must its crown resign;
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.